

# Good Morning 353

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## "LET'S TALK SHOP TO-DAY" INVITES RON RICHARDS

YOU sure must be anxious to see Northumberland again, A.B. Marsden. Nearly a year without a peek at the favourite girl friend is a bad break.

On receipt of your letter I contacted our correspondent in that part, and am hoping to get some news for you very shortly.

Gather from your letter that you are making do with the pin-up lovelies on page four. I agree, they are pretty easy on the eye, and having had the pleasure of meeting most of them, I can honestly say they get as much pleasure posing for "Good Morning" as you have contemplating the result. That's the big thing about theatrical folk—they will do anything for the Forces, and submariners in particular.

It was good of you to praise the paper. Wish next time you would be a little more explicit and say which features are most popular, and, alternatively, most unpopular. It's only by studying your letters that we can get any idea of your favourite subjects.

Anyway, very many thanks for your letter, and do write again.

**MUST** put you right on one thing, Leading Sig. J. W. Herbert—there is positively no red tape nor officialdom in this outfit, so your crack about changes for the next generation missed the boat by a mile.

Very glad to get your detailed letter; it is very helpful—and amusing.

Your criticisms of some of the strips were pretty sound, but I'm afraid those you don't think so much of are particularly popular in several other boats. However, the Editor has listed your remarks.

You hit a nail that I have been holding right on the head—reports of visits of crews to towns that have adopted them. Here's the answer: You tell us which town has adopted any submarine and we will go to work. As I pointed out some time ago, we have no possible means of getting this information, except from you. The Admiralty just does not have the gen, because usually those functions are, as you know, leave affairs.



P.O. Joe Lawrence, D.S.M.  
does his stuff

If every boat will send a card with the name of the town, I will personally contact the appropriate Mayor and bring you the stories. Is that fair enough?

**NEWS** for the Colonials—that is something we had almost overlooked. Many thanks for that idea. Empire news coming up.

Must confess I would have thought the subject of post-war taxes would have been a little grim. However, if that's what you want, a colleague will read it up and keep you posted.

At the end of your letter I find another crack—however, we dish it out every day, so it won't do us any harm to be this end of the leg for a change.

Let me know when you're coming on leave and I will introduce you to the guy who writes the stories you like—and dislike.

**FACILITY** visits—organised outings to Service depots—are perhaps the most unwelcome war-time assignments for any newspaperman—reporter or photographer. To be led around and told what to photograph or mention, instructed who one may or may not interview, is more than a little tiresome. But, strangely enough, although stricter secrecy is kept about submarines than any other branch of the Service, journalists mind least of all trips to these establishments.

Mainly responsible for this, of course, is the expert handling of correspondents by the officers responsible for Press liaison. In addition, there is a far less unfriendly reception by the submariners themselves.

Perhaps it's because you appreciate that, after all, the poor guy has his job to do, or perhaps it is because you think it is time the R.A.F. lost a little of their overdone publicity to your own deeds. Anyway, the general feeling is that trips to submarine depots are not bad at all.

Talking about this in a Fleet Street "local," a photographer produced a number of friendly studies that add weight to the argument. You may recognise the subjects—you may be the subject.

# "TENNIS ELBOW"—and "GOLFERS NECK"—are small Sport's Diseases

JUST as every trade and industry has its special accidents and diseases, so has every sport. There is no strenuous game without its special risks and strains to which the player is likely to be heir.

In Association football the most characteristic injury is to the cartilage of the knee, an injury so characteristic of the game that it might be called "footballer's knee."

The cause is a sudden wrench, as when a player kicks hard at a ball and misses it, his foot going on instead of being slowed down by the impact. Formerly the injury was most damaging to a player, but it is now very effectively treated by operation.

The cure is usually complete, although it means the victim being out of the game for six weeks to two months.

The majority of those operated upon for cartilage trouble suffer no ill effects afterwards, and are able to kick and run with complete confidence. The knee which has been operated upon bends back a little further than usual, but this is no handicap or inconvenience.

**THE** characteristic "disease" of rugby football, apart from bruises, as "scrum rash," so called because it is produced by hard rubbing in the scrums. It is really a mild abrasion, but is sometimes mistaken for other mild infections of the skin.

**GOLF.**

Golf seems a quiet enough game, but probably more people die while playing it than at any other game! The reason for this is, of course, that they continue to play it late into life and sometimes after their hearts can no longer stand the strain of violent action. It is also, for some reason, the game at which men seem to become exasperated quickest, with consequent rise in blood pressure!

But the usual injuries of a golfer are to the shoulder and neck. "Golfers' neck" is fibrositis of the neck muscles. Golfer's shoulder is a painful affliction due to the powerful strain on the deltoid muscle while swinging the club.

The remedy is rest. Many muscle strains at games are due to incorrect use of the body, but "golfer's shoulder," like "tennis elbow," is likely to afflict even the experienced player.

**TENNIS.** "Tennis elbow" is actually a strain of the forearm muscle due to making some of the wrist movements called for in the game. The pain is felt at the other end of the muscle in the elbow—and it can be exceedingly painful. Generally it is the result of an over-long or over-enthusiastic game when not in full training—a beginning-of-the-season ailment.

The cure (again) is rest, and, if necessary, medical

treatment. Some players believe that tennis elbow, like "stitch" when running, will disappear if you persist in moving, but, in fact, continuing to play may only intensify the injury.

**CRICKET.**

"Cricket's back" is the result of a wrench of the muscles through making a sudden movement or turn, and

**T. S. Douglas  
talks on  
"Peace" Illness**

generally comes when fielding. A bruised finger is another injury easily got when fielding, while a bowler may get a bruised heel.

Broken fingers are the special risk of the wicket-keeper. Strudwick, the All-England wicket-keeper and Surrey favourite for so long, once told me that he felt every bone in his hands must have been broken at some time or another. They bore ample evidence of considerable knocking about.

**GOLF AGAIN.**

Golfers, perhaps, more than players at other games, complain of aches and strains which put them off their stroke! In fact, most of these complaints, if not imaginary, are due rather to the strain of concentration and the "nerviness" of certain players, rather than to the actual motions performed.

This was the case with "golfer's kidney," which was a "fashionable" sports disease some years ago. Doctors expressed the view that the pain complained of was not

due to the kidney and not specially caused by the swinging of a club.

**BOXING**

Boxing is a sport in which injury is one of the objects of the game. It is natural, therefore, that the most prominent features of the face should get characteristic injuries—split lips, cut eyebrows and cauliflower ears, the last an injury peculiar to boxing. But the most characteristic injury is the paralysis of the nervous centre—the knock-out to the solar plexus, never, if ever, experienced even accidentally in other games. "Knock-outs" occur accidentally at most games.

The cricketer is likely to be felled by a blow on the temple from a ball that has struck a rough patch and reared vertically. Even the tennis player may be knocked out by a hard-hit ball. Borotra was once unconscious for two hours after being struck by a ball hit by Gerald Patterson, generally accounted the hardest hitter at tennis between the wars.

**ARCHERY.**

When archery began to return to fashion some years ago, those who took up the sport "re-discovered" its characteristic disease, which must have been known to their ancestors. This is an inflammation of the skin at a certain point on the chin, due to friction with the bowstring when it is drawn back!

The swimmer's deadliest enemy is cramp, but it is an affliction that may overtake the player of any game. Only for swimmers does it have disastrous results. H. W. Austin used to suffer from it frequently when playing tennis. Doctors advise salt as a preventative.

A few years ago the phrase "play daze" was invented to cover a temporary affliction of the mind that comes from great concentration on a game for a considerable period. It explains how matches at tennis are lost—as Tilden lost to Cochet on a memorable occasion—after they "seemed in the bag." Tilden was two sets up and needed only a few points for the match. He never got them. The remedy, of course, is a change and a rest—but this does not help the player stricken in the middle of a match.

## NATURE HAS ITS "BOMBER-COMMAND BIRDS"

**AND** from the beech tree on the world, the last word pigeon coos and calls," quoth poet Oscar Wilde regretfully.

But the Ministry of Agriculture, who are not poets, but realists, call the bird No. 1 Feathered Pest. He feeds on grain. In one wood pigeon's crop they found 1,020 grains of wheat. He is on the increase, and

so are carrion crows, magpies, sparrows and jays. They are all pests.

On the other hand, the birds useful to us, such as warblers, pipits and wagtails, are getting fewer. Without these insect-eating birds we should probably starve.

The trouble is that as we cut down hedges and timber, clear scrub, undergrowth and waste land for the food campaign, the birds are forced to nest in exposed places where they are open to attack.

Ignorance, say the Ministry, is also a contributing factor. No birds do better work for us than the daytime kestrel, and his opposite number at night, the barn owl, who attack vermin. They are Nature's Bomber Command. But country people destroy them wantonly.

## IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

Guano is one of the most widely used of modern fertilisers. It is the excrement of sea-birds found on the rocky islands off the western coasts of South America. Beds of guano of from 50 to 60 feet in thickness are not uncommon.

The glass-snake found in the Southern States of America is really a lizard, two feet long, and coloured green, with black and yellow markings. It probably gets its name from the extraordinary faculty of regrowing its tail after it has been broken off.

Nature uses the parachute principle to regulate the flight of the Flying Lemur, a remarkable mammal inhabiting Java, Sumatra and Borneo. It is provided with a parachute-like membrane, which covers it from the neck to the tail tip. The Flying Lemur lives on insects, birds and fruit.

Your letters are  
welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1

Ron Richards



## THE BLACK TULIP

By Alexandre Dumas—Part 16

"THE seditious papers!" repeated Cornelius, quite dumbfounded at the imputation. "Now, don't look astonished, if you please."

"I vow to you, Master Van Spennen," Cornelius replied, "that I am completely at a loss to understand what you want."

"Then I shall put you in the way, Doctor," said the judge. "Give up to us the paper which the traitor Cornelius de Witte deposited with you in the month of January last."

A sudden light came into the mind of Cornelius.

"Halloa!" said Van Spennen, "you begin now to remember, don't you?"

"Indeed I do; but you spoke of seditious papers; and I have none of that sort."

"You deny it, then?"

"Certainly I do."

The magistrate turned round and took a rapid survey of the whole cabinet.

"Where is the apartment you call your dry-room?" he asked.

"The very same where you are now, Master Van Spennen."

The magistrate cast a glance at a small note at the top of his papers.

"All right," he said, like a man who is sure of his ground.

Then, turning round towards Cornelius, he continued, "Will you give up those papers to me?"

"But I cannot, Master Van Spennen; those papers do not belong to me; they have been deposited with me as a trust, and a trust is sacred."

"Doctor Cornelius," said the

judge, "in the name of the States I order you to open this drawer and to give up to me the papers which it contains."

Saying this, the judge pointed with his finger to the third drawer of the press, near the fireplace.

In this drawer, indeed, the papers deposited by the Warden of the Dykes with his godson were lying; a proof that the police had received very exact information.

"Ah, you will not," said Van Spennen, when he saw Cornelius standing immovable and bewildered, "then I shall open the drawer myself."

And, pulling out the drawer to its full length, the magistrate at first alighted on about twenty bulbs carefully arranged and ticketed, and then on the paper parcel, which had remained in exactly the same state as it was when delivered by the unfortunate Cornelius De Witte to his godson.

The magistrate broke the seals, tore off the envelope, cast an eager glance on the first leaves which met his eye, and then exclaimed with a terrible voice:

"Well, justice has been rightly informed after all!"

"How," said Cornelius, "how is this?"

"Don't pretend to be ignorant, Mynheer Van Baerle," answered the magistrate. "Follow me."

"How's that, follow you?" cried the Doctor.

"Yes, sir, for in the name of the States I arrest you."

Arrests were not as yet made in the name of William of Orange; he had not been Stadtholder long enough for that.

"Arrest me?" cried Cornelius, "but what have I done?"

"That's no affair of mine, Doctor; you will explain all that before your judges."

"Where?"

"At the Hague."

Cornelius, in mute stupefaction, embraced his old nurse, who was in a swoon, shook hands with his servants, who were bathed in tears, and followed the magistrate, who put him in a coach, as a prisoner of State, and had him driven at full gallop to the Hague.

✕ ✕ ✕

A PROTOCOL of the violence practised by the prisoner against his jailer was immediately drawn up, and as it was made on the depositions of Gryphus, the jailer. It certainly could not be said to be too tame; the prisoner being charged with neither more nor less than with an attempt to murder, for a long time premeditated, with open rebellion.

Whilst the charge was made out against Cornelius, Gryphus, whose presence was no longer necessary after having made his depositions, was taken down by his turnkeys to his lodge, groaning, and covered with bruises.

During this time, the guards who had seized Cornelius busied themselves in charitably informing their prisoner of the usages and customs of Loevestein, which, however, he knew as well as they did. The regulations had been read to him, at the moment of his entering the prison, and certain articles in them remained fixed in his memory.

Among other things, they told him that this regulation had been carried out to its full extent in the case of a prisoner named Mathias, who in 1668, that is to say, five years before, had committed a much less violent act of rebellion than that of which Cornelius was guilty. He had found his soup too hot, and thrown it at the head of the chief turnkey, who, in consequence of this abruption, had been put to the inconvenience of having his skin come off as he wiped his face.

Mathias was taken within twelve hours from his cell, then led to the jailer's lodge, where he was registered as leaving Loevestein, then taken to the Esplanade, from which there is a very fine prospect over a wide expanse of country. There they fettered his hands, bandaged his eyes, and let him say his prayers.

Hereupon he was invited to go down on his knees, and the guards of Loevestein, twelve in number, at a sign from a sergeant, very cleverly lodged a musket ball each in his body.

In consequence of this proceeding, Mathias incontinently did then and there die.

Cornelius listened with the greatest attention to this delightful recital, and then said:

"Ah! ah! within twelve hours, you say?"

"Yes, the twelfth hour had not even struck, if I remember right, said the guard who had told him the story."

"Thank you," said Cornelius.

(To be continued)

### There was nothing on her!



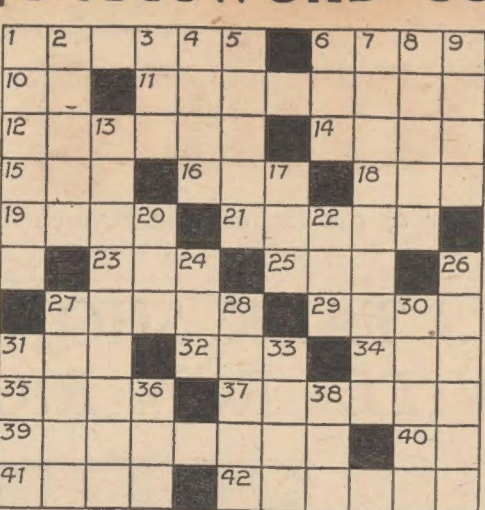
That is, there was nothing in her identification papers the two cops—one American—could find to stop her having a dip in the sea, for she was an evacuee at a South Coast town. No need for her to answer "Search me" when asked if she had any ways broken the law. Even when the War Department laid down a board saying "Keep Out," she dived in, and everything was in order.

## JANE

AC2 Bert Dogsboddy is enjoying a surreptitious cigarette while on sentry duty when...



## CROSSWORD CORNER



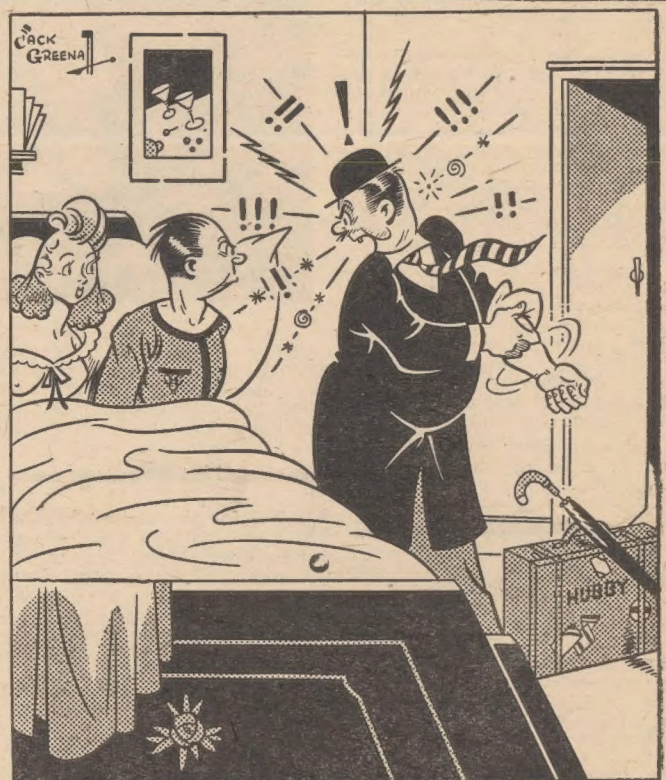
### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Freebooter.
- 6 Ruin.
- 10 Supported by
- 11 Light boats.
- 12 Exertion.
- 14 Small bundle.
- 15 Drink.
- 16 Novel.
- 18 Blossom.
- 19 Flag.
- 21 Revolt.
- 23 Bone.
- 25 Number.
- 27 Sneerer.
- 29 Engrave.
- 31 Comrade.
- 32 Bird.
- 34 Remain.
- 35 Mesopotamia.
- 37 Head-rest.
- 39 Girl's name.
- 40 Direction.
- 41 Whirl round.
- 42 Approached

ACT PAD MEW  
FROM USAGE  
TUTOR BERRY  
DUTUM PIE  
EEL SOCIETY  
LAURA A  
MANILLA RUM  
FAN TWAINE  
COMET LIVID  
ARENA ELATE  
WED BAD LYE

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Like good verse.
- 2 Imply.
- 3 Past.
- 4 Rent.
- 5 Penetrate.
- 6 Incline.
- 7 Of food.
- 8 With a twang.
- 9 Catch sight of.
- 13 Enchanted region.
- 17 Raining.
- 20 Transgress.
- 22 Insect.
- 24 Offer.
- 26 Exhibited.
- 27 Felt regard.
- 28 Fowl.
- 30 Hag.
- 31 Whistle.
- 33 Cleaning rub.
- 36 Set of notes.
- 38 Meadow.



"LANGUAGE, SIR! LANGUAGE!—D'YOU REALIZE THERE'S A LADY PRESENT ?!!"

### MIXED DOUBLES

Two words meaning the same thing ("comic" and "funny," for instance) are jumbled in phrase (a); and two words with opposite meanings (e.g., "past" and "future") are mixed in phrase (b).

(a) THREE OVALS.

(b) RESETS HALF.

(Answers in No. 354)

A reformer is an elderly man who wishes to prevent young men from doing what he did at their age.

## WANGLING WORDS—299

1. Put a girl in DILS and get into difficulties.
2. In the following proverb both the letters and the words have been shuffled. What is it? **Thilg keam krow mayn shand.**
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change PEAS into PODS and then back again into PEAS, without using the same word twice.
4. What country is hidden in the following sentence? **Did you see that particular gent in a hansom cab?** (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 298

1. PlanETS.
2. A new broom sweeps clean.
3. BUN, but, bet, bee, tee, TEA, lea, led, bed, bud, BUN.
4. Chic-a-go.

The gentle minds by gentle deeds is knowne;  
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayed  
As by his manners.  
Edmund Spenser  
(1553-1599).

## QUIZ for today

1. A seax is a weed, dance, drink, sword, musical instrument, saw, pimple?
2. Who wrote (a) The Beaux' Stratagem, (b) Beau Brocade?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Webster Booth, Tudor Davies, Derek Oldham, John McCormack, Chalapine, Gigli.
4. What kind of snake bit Cleopatra?
5. Does the Bible say that Jonah was swallowed by a whale?
6. What places in England are associated with cheese?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Symmetry, Scarefy, Sinistrous, Sibyl, Sidereal, Shrivvel, Sectarian.
8. What famous English poet was drowned at sea?
9. What is the rule of the road in Japan?
10. What fabulous king was fond of music, drink and tobacco?
11. What is a millennium?
12. Name two living actors whose names begin with G.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 352

1. Wooden pole.
2. (a) Aldous Huxley, (b) Noel Coward.
3. Kreisler is a fiddler; others are pianists.
4. Keep to the right.
5. Henry V.
6. 39.3.
7. Wainscot, Welfare.
8. 1636.
9. 180 miles.
10. 1, 18, 4, 13, 6, 10, 15, 2, 17, 3.
11. Ferdinand Magellan.
12. Xylophone, Xylonite, Xyloid.



## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# "Parachuted" 4,000 years ago

By Hector Hunt

PARACHUTES are in the news. Pilots bale out over Germany. Lifeboats are dropped to marooned seamen. Food and weapons are sent down to isolated troops.

Yet there's nothing new about it, for the first parachute jump was made four thousand years ago.

Emperor Shun of China is generally held to be the first man to try his hand at 'chuting. He was trapped in the top room of a burning granary when the parachute idea came his way.

Knowing that certain death would be his unless he acted quickly, the Emperor grabbed his two huge hats, umbrella-shaped, held them out—and jumped.

He made a perfect landing.

Following this feat, young bloods of China tried their hand at the Royal sport. But the majority of them ended by breaking their legs, arms or necks, and parachuting, as a sport, soon was forgotten.

That versatile Italian, Leonardo da Vinci, mentions a contraption like a parachute in the fifteenth century, but no evidence is available that he actually used one.

France, as much as any country, played a leading part in the development of the parachute. In the late eighteenth century, when a craze for ballooning swept over France, would-be experts decided, in view of the large number of casualties, that it would be well worth while developing a life-belt of the air.

One of the best of the early parachutes was designed by the famed Joseph Montgolfier. In 1779 he surprised the world by placing a sheep inside a basket on the end of a parasol and letting it float to earth!

These air life-belts continued for many years to be baskets on the end of a parasol.

Most of the jumpers were very sick when they landed.

They eventually discovered that by making a small hole in the top of the chute the landing was far more comfortable.

People appeared to be more anxious to get into the air than to save their necks if trouble developed, and for many years little was done to improve the 'chutes.

In the early days of the First World War, pilots on both sides went into action without parachutes! Such a thing to-day would not be considered sane.

The first man to jump successfully from a war-plane was Captain Serrat, of the French Air Force.

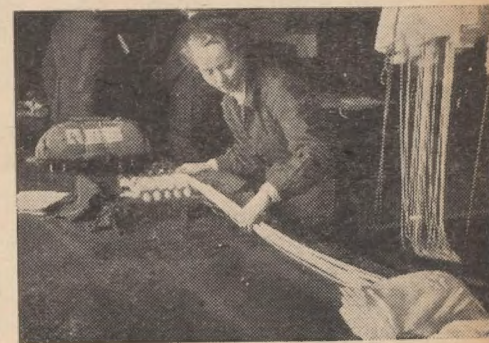
After the war, many of the men who developed the life-belt of the air as we know it to-day became world-famous for their daring jumps.

One of the greatest was John Tranum. He specialised in the delayed drop. For thousands of feet he would fall like a stone. Then, when everyone thought he was a certainty for the next world, he would pull the rip-cord—and float safely to earth.

Tranum, who made a fortune as a parachute jumper, died of heart failure—before a jump!

I once asked him what the chances were of a parachute failing to open.

"Oh, about a half-million to one," he said. To-day, according to experts, the chances of a parachute failing to open are about one in a million.



Great care is taken to make sure the parachutes are given the best possible treatment. I say "treatment," because they are tended as thoroughly as a giant plane. In the R.A.F., W.A.A.F.s pack the 124 square yards of silk, and a log-book is kept of the 'chute. To this thoroughness we owe in part three thousand lives that were saved by the life-belt of the air during 1939-40.

Now, of course, the parachute is used as an offensive weapon as well as a means for saving life.

Before the war aerial stunts were used to make the headlines by jumping from planes and doing unusual things while dangling on the end of a parachute.

The late Ernst Udet, while earning a living barnstorming in America soon after the previous war, amazed everyone by doing a sort of strip-tease in mid-air. He changed from morning clothes into a clown's outfit while floating to earth!

"Tess," a parachute regiment's Alsatian mascot, is in the news for making a "jump" with her masters.

The parachute has unquestionably made great advances since Emperor Shun floated to safety under his hats four thousand years ago.



# Good Morning

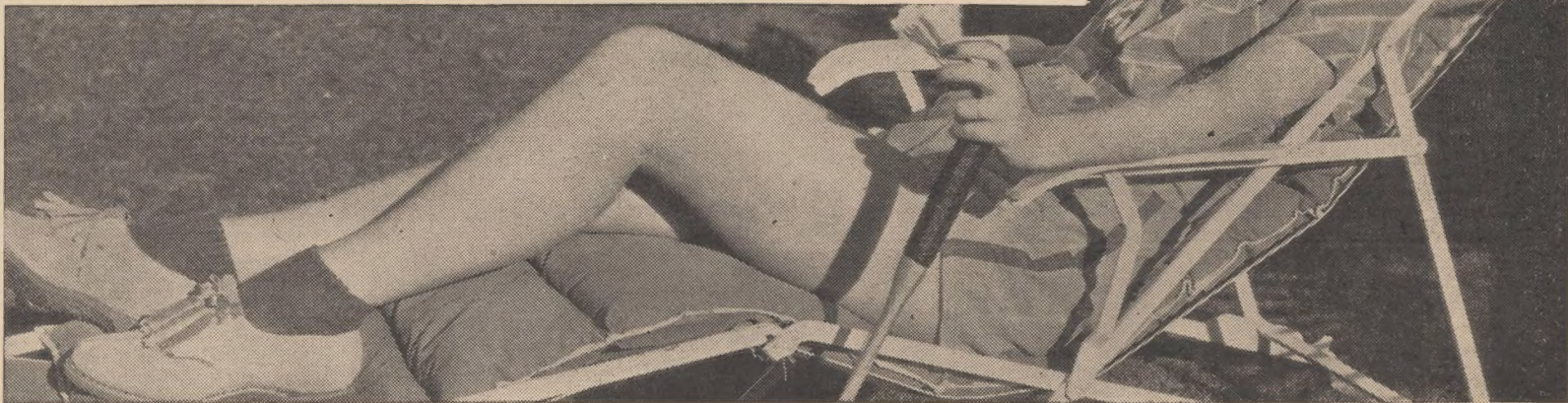


## This England

Two royal houses meet on this placid stretch of the Medway. Tudor Bridge and Norman Church Tower. A scene to please all Men of Kent.



"Come on! Come on! Don't regurgitate! You must eat." (A baby Polar bear being hand fed.)



Long-legged Louise Hovic, Twentieth-Century Fox Star, just sits back and thinks for our benefit. It's a good benefit, anyway.



"Aw, gee! And to think they classified me as exempt on the P.A.Y.E. scheme!"

★ ★ ★

"Don't laugh so quick; my Mamma pays all my bills!"



## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"And don't I know it!"

